

Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S WARNING.

Touch it not—ye do not know,
 Unless you've borne a fate like mine,
 How deep a curse, how wild a woe,
 Is lurking in that ruby wine.

Look on my cheek—'tis withered now;
 It once was round and smooth as thine;
 Look on my deeply furrowed brow—
 'Tis all the work of treacherous wine.

I had two sons, two princely boys,
 As noble men as God e'er gave;
 I saw them fall from honor's joys
 To fill a common drunkard's grave.

I had a daughter, young and fair,
 As pure as ever woman bore,—
 Where is she? Did you ask me where?
 Bend low, I'll tell the tale once more.

I saw that fairy child of mine
 Linked to a kingly bridegroom's side;
 Her heart was proud and light as thine—
 O, would to God she then had died!

Not many moons had filled their horn,
 While she upon his bosom slept;
 'Twas on a dark November morn,
 She o'er a murdered husband wept.

Her drunken father dealt the blow—
 Her brain grew wild, her heart grew weak;
 Was ever tale of deeper woe
 A mother's lips had lived to speak?

She dwells in yonder darkened halls;
 No ray of reason there doth shine;
 She on her murdered husband calls—
 'Twas done by wine, by cursed wine!

THE BOOTBLACK'S DIME.

A Pittsburg paper tells this story.

"Have your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy, near the Union Station, among the throng of rural passengers just from the train.

A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating, for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes. But to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with the splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was complete the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity,—for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. But as he was pulling himself together for a new start he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar who sits behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime in his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that wuz me tenth dime ter-day; an' me teacher at Sunday school, she told me I oughter give a tenth of all I make ter the Lord—see? An' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord, so I give it to him, see?"

BOYS' RIGHTS.

In one of the police courts up town in New York, one morning not long since, a very small boy in knickerbockers appeared. He had a dilapidated looking hat in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman with a grin on his face.

"Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy; what can I do for you?" asked the justice, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnnie Moore; I'm seven years old and I live in One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, near the avenue; and the only place to play miggles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth. But a butcher on the corner, that hasn't any more right to the place than we have, kept his wagon standing there, and this morning we were playing miggles there, and he drove us away and took six of my marbles and threw them away off over the fence into the lot. And I went to the police station, and they laughed at me and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh, and the compramant at the bar trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.

The Justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk and quickly brought everybody to dead silence.

"You did perfectly right, my boy," said he gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen has as much regard for their rights as you show, there would be less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the policeman, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here."

You see this boy knew that his rights had been interfered with, and he went to the one having authority to redress his wrongs. He did not throw stones or say naughty words, but in a manly, dignified way demanded his rights.

ONE WHO MAKES NO MISTAKES.

In a town in Massachusetts there is a young man of fine talent for active life, who for years has been a cripple, a paralytic, and so helpless, that he would starve if left alone. As a friend was pitying his condition he slowly raised his withered hand and said, "*God makes no mistakes.*" How noble the sentiment! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

Some sixty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission he said to his daughter:—

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul himself comes, don't disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing he was in town, hurried off after dinner to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, not even if St. Paul should call."

"I *must* see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner peculiar to Mr. Bently.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was invaded. With no gentle voice and corresponding shake, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bently, reiterating with fervency his gratification.

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, how so, Brother Bently?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed, even if St. Paul called? Yet you appear very glad to see me."

"No, no, brother, not inconsistent at all. I was—I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently, I never expect to see you again."

AN ATHLETE'S REPLY.

At a recent meeting in Montreal, Miss Frances E. Willard said:—

"I was reading in a newspaper about a young man of twenty-two who could go a mile on his bicycle in one minute and fifty-six seconds, and I read an interview with him.

"The newspaper man said to him, 'What suggestion have you for young men for training?' The answer was, 'Tell them never to touch intoxicating liquors, never to touch tobacco, to take eight hours' sleep every twenty-four hours, to live simply.'

"If I had given the same answer to this question, they would have said, 'Much she knows about it.' I am glad the young bicyclist answered as he did.

"The splendid advance in athletics is due to total abstinence on the part of many, and this well-known fact has won more victories for us than all the teetotalers ever assembled on a platform."